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The Englishman: WELL, NOW, THIS IS HOMELIKE!

# SEN-SEN

TRADE MARK.

THROAT  
EASE  
AND  
BREATH  
PERFUME.

INVALUABLE TO  
SINGERS  
AND  
SPEAKERS

5¢

# SEN-SEN

TRADE MARK.

## Professional Asininity.



MINNESOTA has a doctor named Chilton, a State Senator, who has introduced a bill in the Minnesota Legislature to restrict marriages. Among other impertinences he puts the age limit for women at forty-five, and wants to prohibit women from marrying after that age, because he thinks the children of women older than that are not worth raising.

Is not that almost incredible? How many children have been born in Minnesota in the last ten years whose mothers married after forty-five? Is the evil so grave and so common that there is need of passing laws about it?

Most professional men have a certain amount of professional foolishness. That comes natural and must be expected even of sensible men. But when an ass is an ass on the lines of his profession the result is wonderful. Doctors need plenty of horse sense. When a doctor is an ass on professional lines, you think he is the greatest ass in the world, until you remember what unrivaled professional asses some clergymen are. There is a stripe of high-church Episcopal clergymen which can't be beat for professional asininity. And yet it isn't at all because they are high-church Episcopalians, for there are clergymen of that disposition who are admirably wise and large-minded men.

"WELL, I see they are going to have a real Naval Arch."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Oh I suppose it's to commemorate the way Dewey has been forgotten."

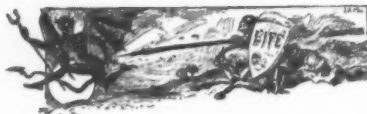


MARCH

TO CLORINDA.

FAREWELL THE WORLD! 'TIS LENT, MY DEAR,  
LET'S FLY THE CROWD, AND I'LL DISCOVER  
SOME PIOUS PLACE, WHERE, WITHOUT FEAR,  
I'LL COURT YOU, SWEETHEART, UNDER COVER.





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXVII. MARCH 7, 1901. No. 657.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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ATTENTION was lately called in LIFE to the workman-like fashion in which

our Brother Mark Twain had hung up the hide of the Reverend Ament, missionary in China, charged on the authority of a dispatch in the *Sun* with making Chinese villagers repay thirteen-fold losses sustained in the late Boxer insurrection by Chinese native Christians. Word has since come that the cable lied a little about Dr. Ament, and that he only fined the villagers one-third more than the losses and not thirteen times as much. On the ground of this error Brother Ament's friends are claiming that he ought to have his hide back, and so he should, or part of it anyhow.

But an idea suggests itself. If it was right and Christian (as possibly it was) for Brother Ament to levy fines on the Chinese villagers for damage done to his converts, would it not be equally right and pious-minded for the American Board, whose missionary Dr. Ament is, to levy a fine on Mark Twain for damage done to Brother Ament? If reprisals consist with Christian sentiment in China, they ought to consist with it just as much in New York. Won't the American Board please sue Mark Twain for defamation of Dr. Ament's character? Mark is not as rich as he ought to be, but he is better able to pay for damage done to missionaries than the Chinese villagers are, and if fines and reprisals

are a proper source of mission revenue an attempt should be made to make him contribute. In one detail of his charges he has evidently been misled. If he is altogether wrong in his assault on missionary methods in China, we want to know it, and so doubtless does he. And if, though mistaken in some particulars, he is right in the main contention, we would like also to know that. The American Board ought to clear up our doubts and help us to determine whether the missionary industry as conducted in China is a thing to be proud of, or a thing to overhaul and amend.



SENATOR GALLINGER, of New Hampshire, introduced on February 19th an amendment to the Army Appropriation bill, appropriating half a million dollars to be devoted virtually to making up to the army post exchanges the revenue lost to them by the abolition of the canteen. The amendment provides for devoting this money to gardens, books, papers, food, gymnastic apparatus, and other things that the exchanges used to supply out of their own means for their own use. Of course all these things are good for the post exchanges to have, and if the army wants the money, here's hoping it will get it.

But what Congress ought to do is to carry out consistently, as far as its authority goes, the principle it has accepted in abolishing the canteen. It should abolish the sale of drink wherever it can. It has cut off beer and wines from the canteens, left officers' clubs in all army posts bare of exhilarating fluids, and closed the bars of all hotels on military reservations like West Point and Old Point Comfort. It should not discriminate against the army and navy alone. It should drive drink absolutely out of the Capitol, and prohibit the sale of it in the District of Columbia, over the concerns of which it has full power. That will delight the Prohibitionists, and will make our soldiers and sailors realize that they are not the only class of American citizens whose powers of self-control the Federal Government distrusts.



THE Senate did well to reject the provision in the Military Academy bill that cadets expelled for hazing should be forever disqualified from holding commissions in the army. Forever is a serious word, not rashly to be linked with any penalty designed to fit the misdemeanors of youth. Lads between sixteen and twenty-two are imperfectly responsible at best, and when a lot of them are gathered in a school, college or military academy, their collective foolishness often exceeds the average of the individual foolishness of the units that compose the crowd. Expulsion for hazing is all right, but permanent disqualification to hold a commission in the army is too bad a blight to put on a young fellow who is not a criminal, and who is probably nothing worse than foolish.



AS purifiers and foes of illegality, District Attorney Philbin, Justice Jerome, and the Honorable Lewis Nixon and his Committee of Five are examples in New York to Mrs. Carrie Nation, of Kansas. They don't smash around with hatchets, but go armed with the law and few crowbars, and the end of the story is that it is not they who go to jail, but the law-breakers whom they catch. The Justice and the District Attorney raided a gambling house the other day with Mr. Nixon's connivance, and made an admirable job of it. Mr. Nixon seems to be playing fair, and to be earnestly bent on improving the morals of New York. There are good men in Tammany, and it is an advantage to have the best of them come to the front. It will not affect the disposition of the un-Tammanyized part of New York to turn Tammany out next fall, but it may possibly affect Tammany for the better. After all, Tammany is so large a part of New York that there can be no lasting regeneration of New York which does not include more or less regeneration of Tammany. Any tendency that way will be watched with prayerful interest.



### The Facts in the Case of Blue-beard.

A MAIDEN from the Bosphorus, with eyes as bright as phosphorus, Once wed the wealthy bailiff of the caliph of Kelat. Though diligent and zealous, he became a slave to jealousy: Considering her beauty 'twas his duty to be that. When business would necessitate a journey he would hesitate, But, fearing to disgust her, he would trust her with his keys, Remarking to her prayerfully: "I beg you'll use them carefully.

Don't look what I deposit in that closet, if you please!"

It may be mentioned casually that blue as lapis lazuli He dyed his hair, his lashes, his moustaches and his beard, And just because he did it, he aroused his wife's timidity; Her terror she dissembled, but she trembled when he neared. This feeling insalubrious soon made her most lugubrious,

And bitterly she missed her elder sister Mary Anne; She asked if she might write her to come down and spend a night or two. Her husband answered rightly and politely: "Yes, you can!"

Blue-beard the Monday following, his jealous feeling swallowing, Stowed all his clothes together in a leather-bound valise, And, feigning reprehensibly, he started out, ostensibly, By traveling to learn a bit of Smyrna and of Greece. His wife made but a cursory inspection of the nursery, The kitchen and the airy little dairy were a bore, As well as big or scanty rooms, and billiard, bath and anterooms, But not that interdicted and restricted little door.

For, all her curiosity awakened by the closet he So carefully had hidden and forbidden her to see, This damsel disobedient did something inexpedient, And in the keyhole tiny turned the shiny little key, Then started back impulsively, and shrieked aloud convulsively: Ten heads of girls he'd wedded and be-headed met her eye! And turning round, much terrified, her darkest fears were verified, For Blue-beard stood behind her, come to find her on the sly.

Perceiving she was fated to be soon decapitated, too, She telegraphed her brothers and some others what she feared, And Sister Anne looked out for them, in readiness to shout for them, Whenever in the distance with assistance they appeared.

But only from her battlement she saw some dust that cattle meant.

The ordinary story isn't gory, but a jest:— But here's the truth unqualified. The husband wasn't nollified.

Her head is in his bloody little study with the rest!

THE MORAL: Wives, we must allow, Who to their husbands will not bow, A stern and dreadful lesson learn When, as you've read, they're cut in turn.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

We desire to thank our friends who have sent us their cast-off clothing this winter. They have enabled us to furnish our rarest specimens of tropical birds with comfortable garments, thus protecting them against the severe Northern winter.

W. T. WARMADAY,  
Director and General Curator, New York Zoological Park.





*Little Elsie:* SISTER, DO YOU KNOW WHAT LENT IS?  
"I'M NOT SURE, ELSIE, BUT I THINK IT'S FORTY DAYS SET APART IN THE YEAR FOR  
PEOPLE TO BE SORRY FOR BEING EPISCOPALIANS."



A. CONAN DOYLE'S lengthy volume, *The Great Boer War*, is somewhat of a disappointment. It shows evidence of much labor on the part of the author, and will doubtless make a valuable work of reference for future writers, but it is written too early to hold the place of a standard history of the war, and is too technical and

too heavy for a popular book of the moment. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

A good essay has come to be somewhat of a rarity. This fact should make Mr. Charles Whibley's volume, *The Pageantry of Life*, the more welcome. It contains a clever introduction anent the art of living as practiced by the eighteenth century Beau, and nine biographical essays illustrating the theme. Both matter and style are excellent. (Harper and Brothers.)

General George A. Forsyth, who has written some very readable accounts of his own war experiences, is less successful in a general history of the army called *The Story of the Soldier*. Those facts which come within the author's own experience are simply and graphically told, but the other portions of the book are very poor. (D. Appleton and Company.)

*Sister Carrie* is a story of middle-class immorality and crime by Theodore Dreiser. It is written with an honest desire to draw a true picture of real life, but the author utterly lacks the master-touch which can create from a repulsive scene a work of art. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

Mr. Solon Hyde was a hospital steward during the Rebellion, and has told his experiences of Confederate prisons in *A Captive of War*. Time, the healer, seems to have overlooked Mr. Hyde's wounded feelings, and he waves the bloody shirt with all the enthusiasm of the early seventies. Might we suggest, for instance, that it is no longer usual to refer to the Stars and Bars as "that contemptible rag"? (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

*Love Among the Artists*, by G. Bernard Shaw, is an uninteresting tale poorly told. To do Mr. Shaw justice, he frankly acknowledges the fact in an apologetic preface, which is the only good thing in the book. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

### A Blow.

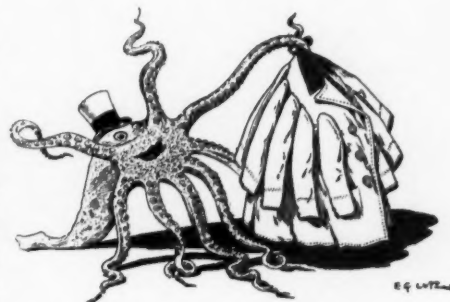
"DARLING," he said, "there is a dark spot in my past life which I am afraid you will not overlook."

"Do not despair," she replied. "I will marry you, no matter how dissipated you have been."

The man at her side shuddered. "Alas!" he cried, "it is not that. But I was once a member of the Y. M. C. A."

"OH, I suppose George sowed his wild oats before I married him, and made a fool of himself generally, like other men, but I always trust him!"

"What a delightfully new sensation it must be to him!"



THE OCTOPUS'S COAT-OF-ARMS.



LIFE'S HALL OF FAME is, of course, not a charitable institution; at the same time there is always a chance to do good in this world to the deserving poor, even when that is what you are not here for. And we feel sure that the admittance into our honorable circle of one poor unfortunate, if it does him any good, will not harm anyone. We refer, of course, to the man without a country.

What is home, after all? A place where one swears off one's taxes as a rule, but even this cannot be said of this week's candidate to admission, for the places that knew him have been denied this privilege, and his present abiding place is reaping the benefit.

But let us get through with this painful subject as soon as possible. The official examination follows:

EXHIBIT J. W. W. ASTOR.

"Name?"

"I am an Astor."

"Business?"

"Hotel."

"What kind of a hotel do you run?"

"It's a place where a man may obtain a temporary position in society by paying for it by the hour."

"Have you any other business?"

"Yes. Editor."

"What is the object of your paper?"

"It's a vehicle to print my apologies to those I snub."

"You have quite an income, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"And that income is derived from the fact that your father was an American?"

"Yes."

"And you have repudiated that fact?"

"Yes, but not the income."

"Ah! How do you like being an Englishman?"

"I'm not sure that I am. You see there's a difference between law and sentiment."

"How so, Mr. Astor?"



"HEY, MISTER! YOU'VE TAKEN THE WRONG ONE! I'M NOT YOUR UMBRELLA!"

"Well, the law says I'm an Englishman, but sentiment says I am any old thing."

"That will do, Mr. Astor. You can come in for a while on probation. If you get intolerable, off goes your head."

### The White Man's Burden.

CAPE TOWN, Feb. 15.—For a month Lord Methuen has been scouring the country between Kuruman, Bechuanaland, and the Transvaal, bringing in women and children, cattle and food, from all the farms. Fifty women and one hundred children, together with a few men, have been sent by him to Vryburg.

LORD METHUEN made an exhibition of himself when he confronted the male Boers, but he seems to be having better luck with the women and children. This burning farms when the men are away and crowding women together in pens is safe work and adds fresh lustre to the British flag.

"Progress" is as active in the Transvaal as in China and the Philippines.



ANOTHER HATCHET STORY.

St. Peter: DID YOU DESTROY THOSE SALOONS?

Mrs. Nation: YES! I CANNOT TELL A LIE, I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET.

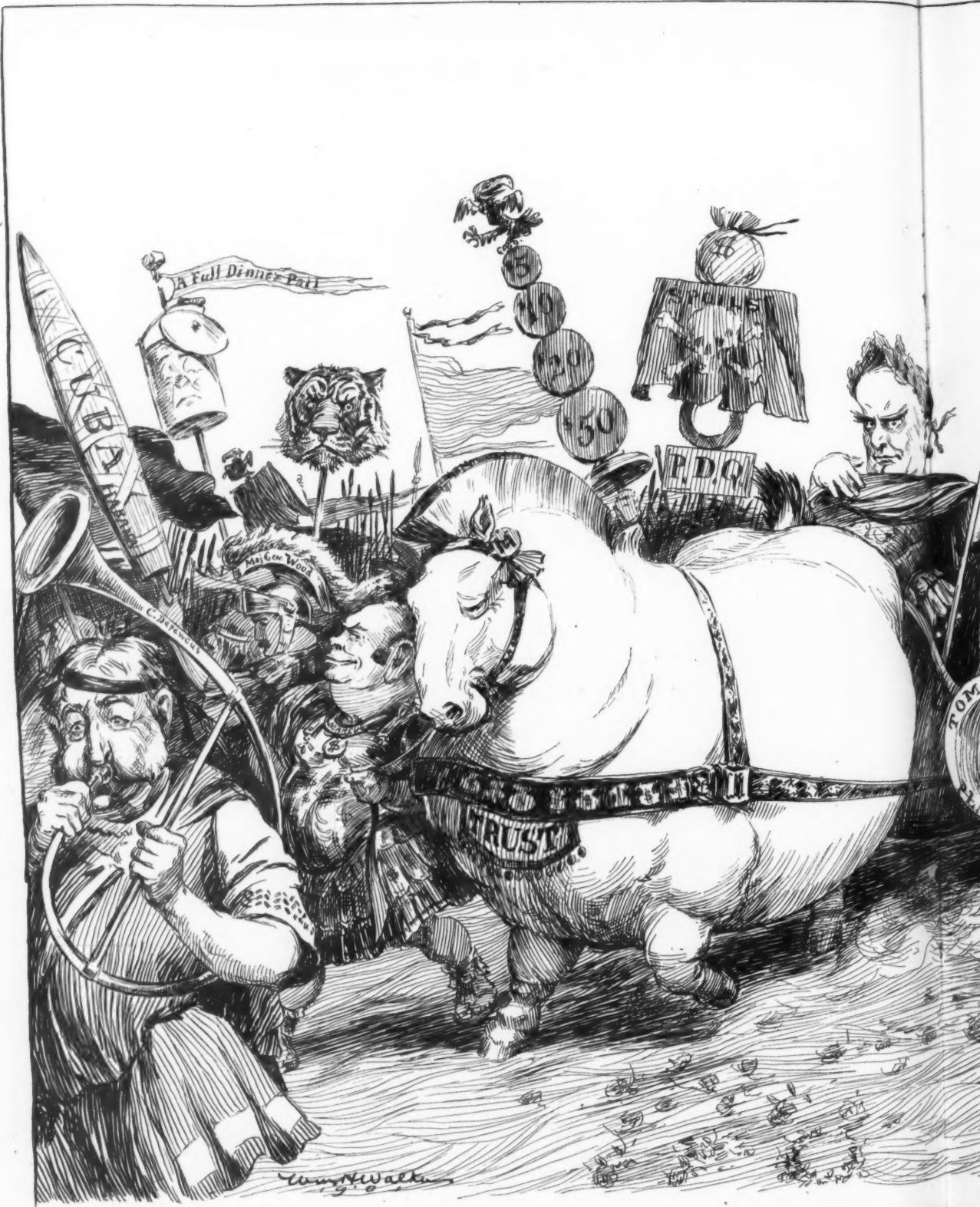




"MAMMA, WILL HEAVEN BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY SAY IN THE BOOKS?"

*Mother:* CERTAINLY, MY DEAR; WHY DO YOU ASK?

"PLACES WE GO TO IN THE SUMMER ARE NEVER AS NICE AS THE CIRCULARS."



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THE INAUGURAL P



GENERAL PROCESSION.





### The Lash of a Whip

**S**UCH a title as "The Lash of a Whip"—if titles count for anything at all—ought to cover some kind of a horse play. In fact the title has nothing whatever to do with the piece, which is one of the regulation brand of Palais Royal farces done into almost literal translation. If Mr. Charles Frohman must bring these indecent little plays to America, he might at least spend the money to have them localized and put into speakable English. The energies of such clever actors as Mr. E. M. Holland and Mr. Fritz Williams are in the present case used up in dealing with lingual atrocities which would make even the sainted Ollendorf turn over in his grave and shudder. Sentences like "Have you the pink umbrella of my green grandmother?" are classical English compared with some of the tongue-twisters with which Messrs. Holland and Williams have to tussle.

It is not to be denied that "The Lash of a Whip" can be laughed at, if one happens to be in the right frame of mind. The French authors have shown greater ingenuity than is their wont in their arrangement of complications for the customary unfaithful husband. This ingenuity does away with the usual darting in and out of closets and doors; likewise the old familiar private dining-room of a restaurant is lacking. All the other accessories, including the deceived wife, accomplice friend, unpleasant mother-in-law and ferocious old gentleman, are in full view. On its first presentation the piece was played with an amateurishness that might have brought the blush of shame to the Brooklyn Amaranth.

It is apparent that the Lyceum has yielded its place as the exclusive home of clean, clever and wholesome plays. The house is on the East Side and lies outside the path of those who formerly

gave it its fashionable vogue. A few more French farces of the type of "The Lash of a Whip" and the Lyceum will become the Palais Royal Theatre of America.

**S**OME pundit of the West has discovered that the matinée habit is injurious to the nerves of young girls. Had the pundit delved deeper he might have found that the matinée habit engenders other than simply nervous disorders.

**T**HIS concerns Chicago criticism. A writer for one of the dailies, whose name might be O'Hennessey, had been its dramatic critic for several years, and his screeds were more or less looked up to as examples of erudition and critical judgment. Every season brought to the Windy City a pair of comedians, who acted together, and whom, for purposes of illustration, we will call Robsane and Crone. O'Hennessey's notices always flattered Robsane highly, but for poor Crone no words in O'Hennessey's bright lexicon were sufficiently strong to express the critic's disapproval.

It happened that O'Hennessey one afternoon strolled into one of Chicago's palatial dispensaries of liquid joy. Before the prescription counter was a group of his friends, and among them Crone, whom O'Hennessey had been pen-lashing for years. Crone had recognized his critic as he entered, and the actor's usually cheerful face bore anything but a pleased expression. The tactful thing for O'Hennessey to have done would have been to bow to his friends and ordered his medicine at the other end of the counter. Instead of that, he joined the party, saluting them in jovial tones and looking Crone full in the face without the slightest embarrassment. One of his friends said, in the conventional Chicago method of introduction, "O'Hennessey, old man, shake hands with my friend, Mr. Crone, of Robsane and Crone."

O'Hennessey's jaw dropped as he looked into the frowning visage of the actor.

"Crone—Crone," he said, "are you Mr. Crone? I always thought you were Robsane." *Metcalfe.*

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Broadway.*—Closed.

*Republic.*—Viola Allen and "In the Palace of the King." Neither very good nor very bad.

*Garden.*—Paul Potter's version of "Under Two Flags." Strenuous and melodramatic. Fairly well acted.

*Lyceum.*—"The Lash of a Whip." See above.

*Daly's.*—Bright and musical "San Toy." Worth hearing.

*Empire.*—Stock Company in "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Well done, but high-flavored.

*Garrick.*—Ethel Barrymore and "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Prothy but amusing.

*Bijou.*—Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers." Interesting and well done.

*Knickerbocker.*—Dramatization of "To Have and To Hold." Notice later.

*Weber and Fields's.*—Burlesque at sky-scraping prices of admission.

*Victoria.*—Extravaganza, "My Lady." Pretty chorus but book and music commonplace.

*Criterion.*—Julia Mariowe as *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." She is attractive, and the play not uninteresting. Worth seeing.

*Academy of Music.*—A dramatic novelty entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin." *Herald Square.*—"The Girl From Up There" is on the point of going back where she came from. And she never will be missed.

**AGILE VALERIE.**  
AN AGILE SOUBRETTE KNOWN AS VALERIE  
HER SLIPPER KICKED CLEAR TO THE GALLERY.  
THIS RARE FLASH OF WIT  
PRODUCED SUCH A HIT  
THAT THEY DOUBLED MISS VALERIE'S SALARY.

**M**R. BAGBY'S matinées, of which the second series was recently brought to a successful close, have become a feature of the social as well as the musical world. They are an important addition to the winter season.



### A Ballade of Red-heeled Shoes.

THEY flit, a noiseless cavalcade,  
Through bygone times, in brave array,  
By many a stately dame displayed  
Who loved the world of yesterday;  
When spinets trilled the plaintive lay  
Of saraband or pavan slow,  
They ground a myriad hearts to clay—  
The red-heeled shoes of long ago.

Deft fancies summoned to their aid  
A broidered wreath or ribbon stay;  
Perchance a buckle carved of jade  
Whereon an armored love might pray—  
For lightest whims their charms portray  
And frailest fashionings bestow,  
That subtle magic they should sway—  
The red-heeled shoes of long ago.

What wonder, then, that undismayed  
They danced on Cupid's wreaths of bay,  
And sternest doubters could persuade  
That life might turn from grave to gay?  
Like faint, sweet promises of May  
They trod the years, and weal or woe  
'Twas subject to their witching way—  
The red-heeled shoes of long ago.

ENVOY.

Long gone their wearers—where are they?  
And only quaint traditions show,  
In old romances or the play—  
The red-heeled shoes of long ago.

Charlotte Becker.

ARIZONA dispatches announce that Mr. Joseph Mulhatton, a writer well known for the picturesque inaccuracy of his news-stories, is about to be discharged from the Arizona insane asylum. While Mr. Mulhatton will be welcomed back to the world, it can truthfully be said that he has not been much missed. His brother fakirs have ably maintained the reputation which he did so much to create. Still there will be some regret that he was not turned loose in time to deal with Colonel Roosevelt's hunting trip.



EDITOR LIFE—DEAR SIR: I have at last joined the array of "kickers" that doubtless besieges your stronghold.

It has seemed to me that for some months England and the English have come in for a disproportionate amount of acrimonious criticism in your columns. The Boer war is a poor business, but to abandon it would be to repeat Mr. Gladstone's disastrous ex-

periment of the previous war.

I have voiced my sentiments in the enclosure.

Yours truly,

E. J.

MANISTEE, MICH., FEB. 6, 1901.

"Hello, LIFE!"

"How do you do, sir? To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Legion."

"H'm! English by your accent!"

"Yes, that is my greatest distinction. By the way, LIFE, you have been giving my countrymen some pretty 'hard knocks' lately."

"Well! They deserve them!"

"M'yes, in a measure they do, but as yet we haven't acquired the habit of lynching our own citizens, don't you know."

"No, but the Boers——"

"Ah, yes! The Boers! Poor fellows! I'm afraid they will disappear as fast as the American Indians."

"But——"

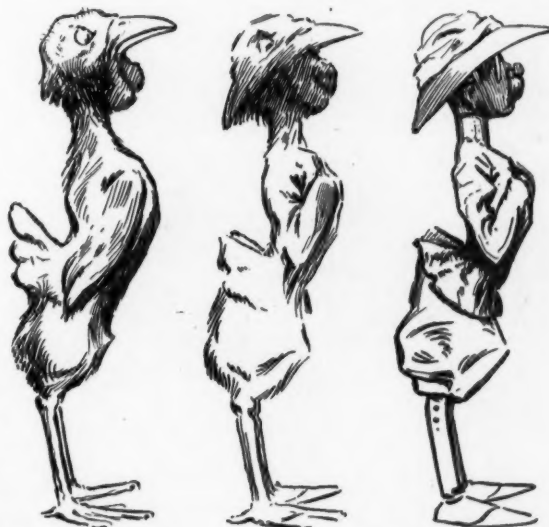
"Any news from the Philippines this morning? No? Too bad! Those miserable niggers, who are fighting for home and their own land, ought to be exterminated. It's a slow process, though, for they are equipped with such terribly-effective weapons. If you can't lick them in three years, don't be discouraged. Your Santiago heroes, who 'done up' the armies of mighty Spain, will——"

"Good morning, Mr. Legion, I am very busy."

"Good morning, LIFE! A prominent Scotchman once wrote:

"'Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursel as ithers see us!'"

E. J.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRITISH OFFICER.

## Mrs. Stanford and Professor Ross.

AN old friend and reader of LIFE in California, Mr. C. F. Lummis, thinks that LIFE's recent suggestion that Mr. Rockefeller gets on better with the professors in his university than Mrs. Stanford does with hers, because Mr. Rockefeller is "larger minded" than Mrs. Stanford, does Mrs. Stanford injustice. He writes:

Very likely Mrs. Stanford's mind is not so "large" as Mr. Rockefeller's. At any rate, she has none of it to spare for getting richer. She has given it all to the university to which she has also given her money. Possibly it is the mark of a narrow mind to wish to give anything more than money. But Mrs. Stanford chances to have not only a woman's heart, but an uncommonly sane, hard and unmuddled head.

Stanford University was founded by the old War Governor and his wife—not in the usual way of such gifts, but in almost idolatrous memory of their only son. Since the Senator's death, the university has stood to his widow for husband as well as child. She has no other interests—social, political, financial. And her motherhood of the university is not of the nagging kind. If any other American university has as complete "academic freedom," it has escaped my notice. This is not only a fact, but an organic provision.

The Ross episode, on which your comment falls, bears no relation to Mrs. Stanford's sex, her age (now seventy-one), nor to the wealth she had—before she devoted it to education. It is precisely because she has not lost her faculties that she, perhaps, a little



Wolf: WELL, WELL, IF THERE ISN'T LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD! WHAT AM I TO DO NOW, I WONDER?



HAVE YOU HEARD OF MISS FLORA MAC-FLITTING WHO LEARNED HOW TO SKATE AT ONE SITTING?

accelerated the inevitable. When any Eastern university shall invite "Coin" Harvey to a chair, it will be full time to blame Stanford for dismissing a pernicious partisan, whose campaign book was as wise and refined as Harvey's but without that gentleman's excuses, and who has "kept going." Economics, "Money Power," an old woman's vagaries had nothing to do with the case.

A committee of Stanford alumni, appointed to consider the Ross case, has reported that the dismissal of Professor Ross "involved no infringement of the right of free speech."—ED.

EDITOR LIFE—DEAR SIR: It isn't often that I feel like spoiling a two-cent stamp in expressing commendation of a newspaper, but the Halifax man's letter in this week's LIFE and your reply compel me to break the rule. That you have stuck so nobly by your colors—the real Red Cross flag of humanity—in a time when so many national ensigns have been trailed in the dust by conscienceless seekers after glory, has been a great comfort to me and mine.

The humorists are right on these questions, as on most others. If we had had the humorist Lincoln in the Presidential chair, we should not now be standing in Spain's shoes, engaged in Weyerizing the Philippines, and holding up the hands of a Power that is Weyerizing South Africa.

LIFE's warfare on tyranny, on religious inconsistency, and on social snobbishness is the one righteous war of these times. Long may it go on, in spite of all temptations to surrender!

Your long-time friend,

BROOKLYN, FEB. 12, 1901.

H. H. M.

## The Limit.

BUSTER: I am having awful luck. I am now down to my last dollar.

DEDBROKE: Pshaw, that's nothing. Wait till you are down to the last dollar of your last friend.





TETTER (R.W. 20-11-11)

DISASTER!

TO BE A SLAVE IS JOY FOR A MAN  
WHEN LOVE RULES OVER THE HEART'S DOMAINS,  
BUT IT ISN'T ALWAYS THE SAFEST PLAN  
TO KISS A GIRL WHEN SHE HOLDS THE REINS.



FASHION'S SEVEN STAGES.

All the world's a wardrobe,  
And all the girls and women merely wearers.  
They have their fashions and their fantasies,  
And one she in her times wears many garments  
Throughout her seven stages. First the baby,  
Befrilled and brodered, in her nurse's arms.  
And then the trim-hosed school girl with her flounces  
And small-boy scolding face, tripping, skirt-wagging,  
Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,  
Ogling like Circe, with a business *air* de  
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride,  
Full of strange finery, vested like an angel,  
Velled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,  
Seeking the woman's heaven—admiration—  
Even at the altar's steps. And then the matron,  
In fair rich velvet, with suave satin lined,  
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut,  
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,  
To teach her girls *their* part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the gray yet gorgeous grandmamma,  
With gold *place-nez* on nose, and fan at side,  
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise  
In sumptuary law, her quivering voice  
Prosing of fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes  
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,  
That ends the sex's *Mode*-swayed history,  
Is second childishness and sheer oblivion  
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of dress.

—Exchange.

SARAH BERNHARDT was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play, in which she made her *entrée* accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt; but

when the time came for them to go on, one of the youngsters had disappeared. Sarah mustered the five in order and made her entrance with a grand flourish. The house was crowded, but not a hand-clap greeted her as she appeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrase. Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed, sternly:

"You seem to be the only sensible person in the house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?"

The man rose, bowed to the actress, and remarked, in very bad American-French:

"Madame, you are shy one Turk." — *Argonaut*.

THE Protestant Bishop of Norwich, England, tells a rather good story against himself. He was walking one day through a pleasant suburb of the city, when his thoughts were interrupted by a pleading voice saying:

"Oh, please, sir! will you open this gate for me?"

Looking down, the Bishop saw a little girl of about eight, with a cherubic face framed in sunny curls, and he hastened to comply with the request. He held back the gate for the little maiden to pass through, and when she thanked him with a smile, he asked if she was not big enough to open the garden gate herself.

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied, sweetly, "but you see the paint is wet, and I should have dirtied my hands."

— *The Pilot*.

SHE had just hurt her ankle, and waited impatiently for a car. As she climbed aboard she saw that not a seat was unoccupied. Several men were standing, and two had seats. One of these was intoxicated, and she pulled her dress aside with an expression of intense disgust. But the hurt ankle throbbed cruelly, and she turned to the other man, asking timidly:

"Might I have your seat, please? My ankle—"

He looked up from his paper a moment, then turned back with a gruff "No."

She flushed angrily and stepped forward. But the other passenger had taken in the scene and, rising unsteadily, offered his seat with a heavy bow. Then he addressed the gentleman with the paper with a ponderous gravity:

"See 'ere, I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a hog—never get over it." — *University of Chicago Weekly*.

A MODERN MOTHER'S DIARY.—To-night Clifford has said: "Mamma, are the stars holes in the sky to let the rain through?"

I cannot sleep, such is my agitation.

Clifford is scarcely five years old, whereas, according to the best pedagogical authorities, Martin Luther did not ask this question until he was seven, and Alexander the Great, in all probability, not until he was nine.

I know not what to think.

One moment I feel assured that Clifford is evincing an unaffected humor, only in the next moment to be overwhelmed by the suspicion that he is bidding for newspaper notoriety merely. — *Detroit Journal*.

HE: I asked your father's consent by telephone.

SHE: What was his answer?

"He said, 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right.'"

— *Harvard Lampoon*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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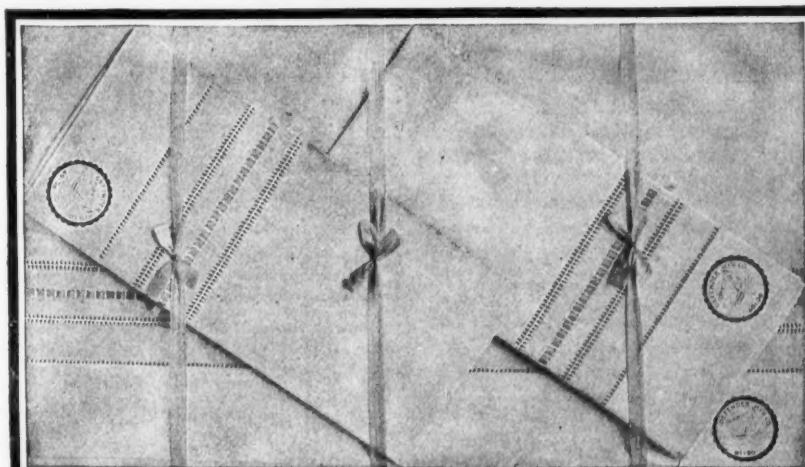
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**FOGG:** It is evident that Miss Singleton is very anxious to get married.

**BASS:** Any particular reason to think so?

"I heard her remark the other evening that she wouldn't have the best man that ever lived." — *Boston Transcript*.

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate, Whose lips were luscious red.

"At quarter after nine I mean

To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a rogulish look at me,

And then she whispered low,

With just the sweetest smile, "That clock

Is fifteen minutes slow." — *Indianapolis Press*.

**SPORTEEM:** Is McQuick, the sprinter, an amateur?

**KNOWN:** Yes-alree—a reg-lar professional amateur.

— *New York Weekly*.

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW,

Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

HEARING a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

"She has!" — *Exchange*.

**TEMPERANCE:** If I thought I should ever be as beastly as you are now I'd shoot myself.

**SOAKLEY:** If you wush drunk'eh I am, m' frien', you would'n' be able t' shoot straight 'nough to hit yerself.

— *Philadelphia Record*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

**ACADEMIC:** What did you elect this term?

**SPECIAL:** Bible and astronomy, so far.

"Ah, I see; going to study the heavens from both points of view." — *Princeton Tiger*.

HE: Agnes, dear, would you feel very much hurt if I should ask to kiss you?

SHE (ambiguously): I feel hurt very much that you should ask. — *Harper's Bazar*.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

And delightful to the taste is Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

**THE DEVOTEE:** Paderewski is more than a mere pianist.

**THE PHILISTINE:** You bet he is! W'y, the duffer must be worth near a million! — *Indianapolis Press*.

AN Irishman, who was indulging in the intellectual feast of reading a newspaper and sucking raw eggs, chanced to swallow a chicken. It chirruped as it slid down his throat, and the Irishman politely observed:

"I feel sorry for you, but yez spoke too late."

— *Exchange*.

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"BUT why is it," asked the thoughtful Chinese, "that I may go to your heaven, while I may not go to your country?"

The American missionary shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no labor vote in heaven!" said he.

— *Exchange*.

"I HEAR Higbee left town rather hurriedly."

"Yes; he lost control of his automobile." — *Exchange*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"And here let Time hold his restless glass,  
That not another golden sand may fall  
To measure how it passeth."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
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— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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"MAMA, I WISH YOU'D LET COOK PUT UP MY LUNCH INSTEAD OF DOIN' IT YOURSELF."  
 "IT'S NO TROUBLE, MY DEAR."  
 "I KNOW."  
 "THEN WHY — ?"  
 "'CAUSE SHE'S GOT A BETTER APPETITE THAN YOU AN' SHE PUTS MORE IN."  
 — *Mornelvine.*



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She shows it in a way that's quite demure.  
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